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THE DOMESTIC PRISONER.

STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FORESHADOWINGS.

"You would have been delighted, Minnie—I am sure you would."

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"Is Miss Douglas so very captivating, then?" asked Minnie, with an arch smile.

"Oh! I was not thinking particularly of Miss Douglas," returned Basil, slightly confused; "I mean you would like them all if you were to know

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them. Mrs. Douglas is such a particularly nice motherly lady; and the children—the younger ones, I mean—are so well behaved; and then, Mr. Douglas himself is so conversational and cheerful, and has so many anecdotes to tell. You may fancy that, because he is an author, he is a mere book-worm, and always in the clouds; but it isn't so by any means. There is nothing professional about him, when you come to know him." And Basil, who had been for some time talking very earnestly, stopped to take breath.

"Are you quite sure that *you* are not in the clouds, Basil dear?" said Minnie, gently pinching her brother's ear. They were conveniently seated for such pleasant interchange of courtesies as this, being on the same little sofa, which was wheeled up to the fire; and for the last half hour, Basil's right arm had been round his sister's waist, while her little hand was thrown back and resting on his shoulder. She had only to lift it, therefore; it was the gentlest little fairy pinch that she could give; and her brother revenged himself by kissing Minnie's cheek.

"I in the clouds, Minnie! What a very strange notion. What can there be for me to be in the clouds about?"

"I have asked you a good many questions about Rosa Douglas, and I cannot get an answer from you, Basil," said his sister.

"Well, what of that, Minnie? That does not prove that I am in the clouds, does it? The fact is, I do not know how to describe Rosa Douglas; I really do not, except by saying that she is a very—what shall I say?—a very agreeable young lady, and very well informed, and that she is——"

"Handsome, of course," interposed Minnie, to help Basil out in his description; for he stumbled in it awfully.

"Handsome—I don't know; I do not think she would be thought handsome. She is pleasing looking though," Basil added quickly, "almost as much so as you are, Minnie, and not half so saucy."

"Thank you, Basil," said Minnie; and to prove her claim to superlative sauciness, she pinched Basil's ear again, a little harder this time.

"I wanted you to become acquainted with Miss Douglas," continued Basil, without noticing this interruption; "and I am so sorry you would not go with me to Chelsea yesterday, when you were so pressing invited."

"Say 'could not,' Basil; you know that father could not leave his office; and it would not have been kind to run away and leave him to shift for himself. We will go some day, though, Basil; I have a great curiosity, you must know, to see Rosa Douglas, for I do really believe you are in love with her."

"Minnie! you saucy little chit of a darling sister; what an extraordinary idea!—as though I could not admire a pretty countenance without being in love with its owner! Besides, what do you know of such things, you silly dear Minnie?"

"Nothing whatever, Basil," replied Minnie; "only I have heard of such things."

"It would never do for me, Minnie," said Basil, energetically, "to be in love with anybody but you and our poor little Nelly—unless, indeed, somebody with a great fortune were to make love

to me; and I don't think, then, that I should be tempted; for I wouldn't like the money should be all on one side."

"And I am sure I shouldn't like it for you, Basil," said Minnie; "for only think how miserable we always used to think poor Mr. Burgess was, when we were at Willow-lodge, you know, though his wife had such lots of money, they said; and he married her because of it."

"Ah, but that doesn't prove anything; for Mrs. Burgess was a good deal older than her husband, for one thing," argued Basil, thoughtfully; "and besides, she was quite a crazy woman sometimes, and always full of whims and crotchets, and so miserly besides, that the poor man never had a shilling to do what he liked with, and couldn't even call his house his own. Don't you remember how Mrs. Burgess would have the best drawing-room shut up, and would never let her husband or any one else go into it, till, one day, when she had the carpet taken up, it was all to pieces with moth holes? No, I don't think that proves anything, one way or the other, Minnie," continued Basil; "but still, I should not like the money to be all on one side; and it will be a long time, I am afraid," he added, with a sigh, "before I shall be rich enough to be in love with anybody."

"I don't know about that, Basil dear; you must not give up because you do not get on so fast as you expected," said Minnie, encouragingly and soothingly. "I think you are often troubled about this; but you are getting on nicely, for all that."

"Yes, and so I am, Minnie," exclaimed Basil, kindling into manly courage at his sister's words; "and I am ungrateful if ever I am gloomy, and cruel to you and father if I seem so. I went quite raw into Mr. Rutland's counting-house; and though I have been there only two years, or a little more, my salary has been doubled; and I really believe, without vanity, that Mr. Rutland has more confidence in me than he has even in Gillman. I hope that he has reason for this, too; for Gillman is an unprincipled fellow—I know he is. And if I cannot expect to be advanced much further where I am, it is only to wait patiently for a year or two, or two or three years, and then I shall be fit for a much better situation somewhere else."

"And then," added Minnie, playfully, "you can begin to think about Rosa Douglas, you know."

"Pray don't, Minnie!" said Basil, imploringly; and when Minnie looked into his face she saw that he was really distressed. "I am very silly," she said, repentantly; "don't mind what I said, Basil; I won't tease you again."

That you, dear reader, may the better understand the foregoing dialogue, be pleased to suppose that a year at least has elapsed since the incident occurred of which we informed you in the last chapter. We are not writing a biography, nor keeping a strict daily record of Basil Marsden's onward progress. It is sufficient to take up his history at such intervals as may best serve the purposes of our narrative; and it is needful only to say here, that the year which had passed had glided gently and quietly along with those in whom our story is more particularly concerned,

giving us no changes to record, except the gradual and imperceptible advance which Basil had made towards manhood, and Minnie to womanhood.

We have already seen that Basil had taken a step or two in worldly prosperity; and a glance round the room in which the brother and sister sat would have taken in some signs and tokens of this prosperity. And if Minnie had on, that evening, a rich and handsome silk dress, she might have told you truly that she had put it on to please the generous brother, who, not many weeks before, had purchased it with his own savings. But this is a small matter, perhaps unworthy the notice of a grave historian.

Basil had accepted an invitation from Mr. Douglas; and on two or three occasions, during the twelve or fourteen months which had intervened, he had visited his Chelsea friends. On the long summer evenings he had once or twice been taken with a strong inclination to prolong his walk from the Pimlico side of St. James's park to the neighbourhood of Chelsea church—we had written Chelsea *old* church, but we believe that Chelsea *new* church was not at that time built. When this rambling fit seized him, he had endeavoured to inspire his father and Minnie with the same enthusiastic admiration of the beauty of the evening, the remarkable pleasantness of the walk, and the enchanting loveliness of the moonlight on the bosom of the Thames, especially as seen from the delightful promenade known as Cheyne-walk, or from the centre of Battersea-bridge; and failing to convince them of this—and they really were provokingly sceptical—Basil had yielded to their entreaties to pursue his pleasant walk alone, and to allow them to return to their home in the Strand.

But it was winter now; and, failing these rare evening excursions, he had taken a half holiday from the counting-house, to accept an invitation to the Douglasses, in which both his father and sister were included, but the fulfilment of which, as we have seen, was confined to himself alone. It was at the close of a long account of the pleasure he had enjoyed, that the conversation which this necessary explanation has interrupted took place. Let us further add, that Basil and Minnie were by themselves: their father had of late expressed some degree of weariness at the long evenings, and had retired to his own room soon after supper. And it was this alteration in Mr. Marsden's habits which, after a short silence, became the subject, or rather led on his children to another topic, of conversation.

"My darling Minnie," said Basil, with a look full of interest and solicitude, as, in a slight change of position, he caught sight of his sister's face, and saw that her eyes were fast filling with tears, "here I have been bothering you for I don't know how long, with my thoughtless tongue, and have quite wearied you out."

"No, no, you have not indeed, Basil. You know I like to hear you talking cheerfully; besides, I have been talking as much as you have."

"Have I vexed you, dear Minnie?"

"Did you ever vex me, Basil?" asked his sister, lovingly.

"Not knowingly, or willingly, or intentionally,

Minnie, since I was a naughty little boy, and pulled out one of your doll's eyes. No; it has been one good effect of our misfortunes, Minnie, that we have not had so much time for quarrelling as we might have had, and perhaps not so much inclination for it either: but I may have said something wrong, without meaning to grieve you."

"Indeed you have not, Basil; and—and it is very silly of me to give way like this;" and Minnie tried to wipe away the tears, but they came all the faster for her efforts to restrain them.

"You are not well, then, Minnie: I am sure you would not be distressed as you are now without some cause," said Basil, tenderly; and he took Minnie's hand in his.

"I am quite well, Basil dear; but—and yet it is perhaps a foolish fancy; and I ought not to infect you with it."

"You ought indeed; and if it is a foolish fancy, I shall soon send it to the right-about: but what is it, Minnie?"

Thus conjured, Minnie told how that, for some weeks, she had anxiously watched their father's looks, and noted an alteration in his spirits and habits, which sometimes filled her with undefinable apprehensions that he was suffering in bodily health. "You remember that accident he met with in the summer," said she, "when a porter ran against him with a sharp heavy package, which bruised his side?"

Yes, Basil remembered this; but his father had always said that he received no injury: the skin was scarcely discoloured with the blow, and in a day or two all appearance of it went off.

"I do not think dear father has been well since then," said Minnie sadly. "I did not think anything of it till a long time afterwards; but I remember now that he has sometimes turned quite pale, and seemed in pain; and lately this has come on often—oh, so often. Then, I have seen him stop as if his breath was almost gone, when he has been coming up-stairs; and, for days together, he takes scarcely anything to eat. And this going to bed so early, as if sitting up was a pain to him—he has never done that before, you know."

"But, my dear sister, I do think you are a little too anxious. It is quite right in you to notice these things; but you must not fancy there is anything serious the matter, because it will make you unhappy without cause, and injure your own health, Minnie. Now, I really do not think so much of our father's going to bed a little earlier every night than he used to do. It is not to be wondered at, I am sure, when we think what a different sort of life he leads from what he has been used to for so many years. And I have seen no other difference in him."

"You do not see so much of him as I do, Basil. And I think he tries to hide it from you."

"But has he ever complained, Minnie?"

"Oh no; I spoke to him only yesterday about it, and he says he is quite well—that there is nothing the matter with him."

"And he ought to know best," said Basil: "but I tell you what it is, Minnie. Father wants a change. We must get him to go somewhere into the country for a few weeks in the spring. I

am sure he might get away from his office if he were to make up his mind to it. Why shouldn't he go to Gloucestershire, and pay a visit to cousin Penelope? He would see dear Nelly then, and perhaps he could bring her to London for a holiday."

"Oh, I wish we could get him to do that, Basil," said Minnie, eagerly; "it would satisfy us then about poor little Ellen. I mean, he would see if she is happy and—and well——." There seemed something else that Minnie wanted to say; but she stopped short, and her brother took up her unfinished sentence.

"Nelly's last letter said she was quite well, Minnie; and if she were not, I am sure cousin Penelope would write directly. And as to her being happy—you do not think she is not, do you, Minnie?"

"I did not mean to tell you, Basil—at least, not till I had heard again; for I do not like to trouble you. But I seem just now as if such a weight of care had all at once fallen on me; and yet it is foolish, I know; for really, after all, it is nothing, I dare say."

"You do indeed run out of heart, dear Minnie; and you must tell me what this other trouble is—that is nothing after all," said Basil, with a smile, and added, "like a good many of our troubles, if we would but think so."

"I had a letter from dear Ellen this morning, Basil," returned Minnie—"a very short one. Here it is;" and she put it into Basil's hand.

"Well, dear, I do not see much to trouble you in this," said Basil, when he had read it; "she only says she wants to see you 'very, very much indeed'; of course she does; but that does not prove that Ellen is unhappy."

"It is not what she says, but what she does not say, Basil," argued his sister.

"Now really, Minnie, is not this unreasonable?" asked Basil; but he asked it so kindly that his sister could not be offended. And he proceeded to argue at great length, that Ellen must of necessity be one of the happiest little beings under the sun. And then he reverted to their father, and entreated Minnie to set her mind at rest. "If there were really anything the matter with him," said Basil, "he would have told us: don't you think so, Minnie? But we must get him to take this holiday we have been talking about: and another thing, Minnie; you know he used to drink a glass or two of wine every day, when he could better afford it, and now he has left that off: I dare say he misses it. I'll get some to-morrow, and you must make him take it after dinner. And Minnie, if there is anything else you think he would like, don't spare a little money. And don't look on the dark side of things, dear."

Minnie said she would not; and she went presently to her room, with her heart somewhat lightened.

Basil, too, went to his room; but not to sleep immediately. Though he had endeavoured to pass it off lightly, he felt concerned at Minnie's report about their father, and determined that he would watch him very closely, and persuade him, if there were really any threatening symptoms, to have medical advice. Basil thought of Ellen too,

and wondered whether she were really happy, and whether cousin Penelope were to be trusted. It was rash, he began to think, to send poor little Nelly so far from home, to one who was almost a stranger. "But then," thought he again, "what could we do better at that time, when destitution stared us in the face?"

There was another subject also which occupied Basil's restless thoughts that night. He had tried to persuade himself that he felt only a pleasant brotherly sort of admiration of Rosa Douglas, without danger of any stronger feeling being concealed under this admiration. But was Minnie right in her guess after all?

"It will never do," thought Basil to himself, as he tossed about on his pillow; "I must not think of anything of the sort for years and years to come—if ever. I must break it off at once. I won't go to Chelsea again—no."

And these were some of Basil Marsden's struggles in life. Young as he was, we must do him the justice to say that he was above the silly notion so prevalent in our own as in former days, that the mere sight of a young lady, on a few passing occasions, is a sufficient ground for forming an attachment to her. It needed no old head to counsel him that impressions so formed are often utterly fallacious, and that to act upon them in that great step in life, where reason, reflection, and religion should be the advisers, is often a ruinous infatuation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELLEN A PRISONER IN ROSEMARY-LODGE.

ELLEN MARSDEN sat in a small and almost unfurnished chamber at Rosemary-lodge. It was bitterly cold, and Ellen was very unhappy.

The eighteen or twenty months which had passed away since she left London had wrought a considerable change in her appearance. She had grown tall, and, in spite of country air and exercise, thin and pallid. This was not the most painful alteration, however. A close observer might occasionally have seen evidences of a harassed mind in her drooping eyelids and quivering lips. There were times, it is true, when Ellen's former hilarity and humour returned; but the lapses had become longer and longer, and on the cold afternoon of which we speak there were no traces of mirth on her countenance.

Penelope Chester was not intentionally unkind to her young *protégée*. If any one had hinted to her the possibility that she had not gone the very best way to work in bringing up her young cousin, she would have angrily resented the imputation. Nevertheless, she was as unfit as can well be imagined for the office she had undertaken. She had no hearty sympathy with the child. Truly and literally, she "said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" and the efforts and powers of her soul were bent upon their destruction in all around her. Is not the world a charnel house? a dark valley? a dreary desert? And life, is it not a vapour? she wanted to know that.

She wanted to know that of Mr. Filmer, the young minister, when, one summer's day, he had called to invite Ellen Marsden to accompany his sister and himself, and a few of the young people

of his congregation, on some pleasant excursion—"a junketing," Miss Penelope called it.

Mr. Filmer acknowledged it to be true; "and if," he added, "our heavenly Father could be better served by gloomy asceticism than by cheerful obedience and grateful acknowledgment of his mercies, why, then it would be proper to forego everything that gives us pleasure; but, believe me, my dear lady," he concluded, "if I did not feel my conscience quite at rest, and my duty quite plain—if, indeed, I did not hope to be doing some good, I would have nothing to do with this party. Let me hope, then, that we may have our little Ellen's company."

But Mr. Filmer made nothing by his motion, even though he brought his sister, later in the day, to second it. Ellen was kept at home, and the only result to her was, that cousin—we beg pardon—*aunt* Chester was more than usually sour and difficult to please.

Let this suffice for a specimen.

Ellen yearned for companionship; and at length her only really pleasant hours were those which were spent with Miss Filmer at their comfortable home. These visits were rare, however, and on her return she was expected to give an account of the way in which the time had been employed.

Yet had Ellen bravely determined not to be unhappy. She unmurmuringly bustled through the routine of her daily duties, some of them rather uncommon ones; but then she remembered that *aunt* Penelope was an uncommon woman, and, quite as far as could have been anticipated, perhaps a step farther, consulted that good lady's tastes in all matters, trivial and serious. But at length an occasion arose, and Ellen's pent-up feelings found expression in indignant sobs and tears.

It was a winterly day; and the girl drew around her more closely the warm shawl which had hung loosely over her shoulders, and walked to the window. It was a pleasant scene, even then. The whole valley was wrapped in a sheet of pure snow, and the smoke from village fires curled upwards, giving promise of warmth and cheerfulness in the habitations of the poor. The day, however, was dull—an emblem of Ellen's mind just then—and the gloom of evening was rapidly overspreading the landscape.

Ellen had not stood long by the window before she quickly and silently drew back and resumed her seat. She had caught a glimpse of *aunt* Penelope, marching stately from the front door of Rosemary-lodge to the road beyond.

A minute later, and a gentle tap at her door roused Ellen from the thoughts which troubled her, and, once more rising, she slipped back the bolt with benumbed fingers, and gave admittance to Hannah, who held in one hand a steaming cup of tea, and in the other the corner of her apron, which, since aprons were invented—and that was a long while ago—has been the invariable resource of all damsels in distress.

"What is it, Hannah? What do you want? Who sent you?" demanded Ellen, with a little irritation of manner not very natural to her.

"Oh, Miss Ellen, don't talk to me so, please don't; though I am glad to see a little spirit in you at last. Poor, poor dear creetur, you'll be starved to death o' cold, shut up here all day, with nothing

but dry bread to eat. I never see anything like it in this house before; and I have seen queer things too, at times, since I have been here."

"It is all very well, Hannah," said Ellen, averting her face. "I do not mind: I do not want it to be different," she added, faintly.

"But it ought to be different, and it must be different," said the commiserating damsel, crying heartily. "Here you are, shivering like a poor tender leaf, Miss Ellen; and now, the mistress—a hard-hearted creetur as she is—I don't believe she has got a bit of feeling in her, and doesn't know what winter's cold or summer's heat is; and as to feelings—*she* was never young herself, I should think."

"But, Hannah," interposed the trembling girl, "I must not, indeed I must not, hear you speak against *aunt* Chester in this way. It is not right in you to say it, nor in me to listen."

"Well, I won't then, Miss Ellen; I wasn't going to it; but somehow it slipped out. But drink this tea up, Miss—it will warm your poor inside; and then slip down-stairs, Miss Ellen, and get a good warm at the kitchen fire. Nobody won't know anything about it; for *she* is gone out."

"I saw *aunt* Chester go, Hannah; and I am sure you mean it very kindly," said Ellen; "but I do not intend to leave this room, at any rate till *aunt* comes home; and I could not take any of the tea: you might get into trouble by that, Hannah. And, indeed, I am not so very cold either," she added; "you see I have wrapped myself up in this warm shawl."

"Not cold! and you shivering and shaking, Miss Ellen! Now do take a good drink before it gets chilled; and if mistress wants to know anything about it, I'll stand up for my rights to do what I like with my own: 'tisn't her tea, Miss Ellen. I bought it and paid for it too."

But Ellen was firm and immovable. "You heard what *aunt* Penelope said to me this morning, Hannah. You know that she said I was sly, and artful, and deceitful, as well as ungrateful."

"Never was a bigger story told by any one than that, Miss Ellen; and so I told Miss Chester after she sent you up here," rejoined Hannah, energetically.

"It was unjust and undeserved, Hannah," sobbed poor Ellen: "but *aunt* would think this a proof of my being so. Besides, she has chosen to punish me by shutting me up in this room, almost as a prisoner; and though it is undeserved, I ought to submit. After all," she added, faintly smiling, "it is no such terrible hardship; and by and by *aunt* will be sorry."

"Trust her for that, Miss Ellen, if you like: I don't. You haven't summered it and wintered it with Miss Chester so long as I have, and don't know her so well as I do. *She* sorry! It will be the first time in *her* life if she is."

"I think she will be," said Ellen, "when she thinks more about it, and will hear what I have to say. *Aunt* was very hasty this morning—she is sometimes, you know; but she means it kindly—at least she thinks she is doing her duty; and she does not quite understand—"

"And never will, Miss Ellen, if you talk till two Sundays come together."

"I hope she will, Hannah; but if she does not,

I must not forget that I have been living on her kindness——"

"And working like a little slave, Miss Ellen. I wish your father, or sister, or brother, or some one 'em, was here just to see what you've had to put up with."

"Don't: please don't say any more, Hannah," cried Ellen, beseechingly.

"Well, I won't: and it is of no use to ask you to drink this now; it is got quite cold. I shouldn't wonder to see ice upon it when I get down stairs. But let me wrap you up better, Miss Ellen; if I were you I would go into my own room and get into bed, and snuggle up warm, and go to sleep. Do, now," she continued, as the bright idea crossed her mind.

But even this advice was rejected, and the offer of a light was refused. "It is getting dark; and mistress would not blame us for that, any way," said Hannah.

"I wish to think, Hannah," said the young prisoner; "and I can do that as well, if not better, in the dark than with a light." And Hannah reluctantly withdrew, uttering, as she descended the stairs, step after step, loud and yet louder censures against her hard-hearted mistress for this cruel treatment of "the tender little bird."

And Ellen, relieved of her presence, resumed the train of reflection which Hannah's entrance had interrupted.

THE PERKIN WARBECK OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

THE history of the princes who have hitherto governed Russia is replete with stirring and tragic incidents. It is one long succession of tales of murder and usurpation, as the history of the rulers of uncivilised nations always is. Few indeed have been the czars who have died natural deaths, and fewer still those who have succeeded peaceably to thrones left them by their fathers. The throne of Russia has never been ascended by those who have had the most rightful claim to it so often as by those who have chanced to be at the moment the strongest, the most cunning, or the most willing to set at defiance all laws, human and divine. The brief chapter of its history that we propose here to recount is a faithful sample of the whole book thereof. But it is not on that account that we intend relating it, but because it tells the story of one of the most remarkable and successful cases of imposture of which the annals of the world make any mention.

When Ivan the Terrible was called to his last account, he left behind him two sons, Fedor and Demetrius Ivanovitch. Fedor, the elder of the two, succeeded to the throne, and as he had no children, Demetrius was the next heir to it. In 1591, however, Demetrius died—of an attack of epilepsy, it was given out—but it was always believed that he was assassinated by order of Boris, Fedor's prime minister, who had long been ambitious of reaching the throne himself, and thought thus in some part to clear his way to it. However this may be, upon the death of his royal master, in 1598, Boris reaped the fruit—we will not say of

his crimes—but of his many machinations, and saw himself elected czar by acclamation.

Five years afterwards, namely, towards the autumn of 1603, a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, a page, or, according to others, a cook in the household of a Lithuanian nobleman, revealed to his master that he was the czarovitch Demetrius, son of Ivan the Terrible, brother of the late czar Fedor, and true heir to the throne. As had been the case with the true prince, he had a wart upon one cheek, and one of his arms was shorter than the other. He produced a golden seal, upon which were engraved the royal arms of Russia, and a cross of diamonds of great value, which he declared had been given him—as was customary in the case of Russian princes—by his godfather, at his baptism. He was well educated; he spoke the Polish language as readily as the Russian, if not more so, and was intimately acquainted with both Polish and Russian history. He was, moreover, an excellent horseman and an expert fencer; and, what was better still, he was *recognised*, or feigned to be, by two Polish domestics who had been prisoners in Russia, and by accident had chanced to see the real Demetrius—some fourteen years before, when he was a child of eight!

The story told by the impostor was, that the plans of the agents employed by Boris to assassinate him having been revealed by accident to his physician, the latter carried him off to a distant convent, and deceived the assassin by putting the son of a peasant to bed in his place. He added, that this physician had kept him under his protection so long as he lived, but that after the death of his benefactor, poverty had compelled him to enter the service of the Lithuanian nobleman.

The moment was well chosen for an attempt at revolution. Boris was still upon the throne and reigning peaceably; but he had displeased and offended all classes of the nation, and was detested alike by the nobility and the people. He had roused the hatred of the serfs, by depriving them of the right which they had hitherto possessed of changing their domicile on the day consecrated to St. George, and thus fixing them irrevocably to the soil. He had condemned, exiled, or in some other way ruined the whole of those boyards who were rendered conspicuous by their ambition or their talents. He had also endeavoured to deprive the freebooting Cossacks of their wild liberties, and had finally succeeded in alienating all classes of the people by attempting reforms which did violence to their prejudices.

With the name of Demetrius, therefore, was associated the memory of an ancient dynasty, which the nation now regretted as one man. Moreover, there was another circumstance which just then would have tended to dispose it to believe in the romance of a legitimate prince, miraculously saved, even if its hatred of Boris had not been sufficient to incline it so to do. The reigning czar had given asylum in his dominions to a Swedish prince, Gustavus Ericsson—one of the ancestors of the inventor of the calorific ship—who was banned and persecuted by an usurper. This prince had escaped almost numberless attempts at poisoning and assassination, and had passed unharmed through extraordinary perils. For some years, for the sake of safety, he had been obliged to disguise

himself as a Russian shepherd, and at others he had taken the garb and followed the calling of a public sweep. These circumstances were well known in every Russian family, and the knowledge that such a fate had undoubtedly befallen a living Swedish prince prepared the people to look upon the story of the false Demetrius with less surprise than they would else have done, since it took away its novelty and gave it a precedent.

Caressed and banqueted by the Lithuanian nobles, the impostor shortly became extensively talked of. Boris grew alarmed, and sent to offer his entertainers an immense sum of money if they would either kill him or consent to give him up. This step at the best was an imprudent one. As might have been foreseen, it only confirmed the impostor's story in the minds of the people, without producing Boris any advantage as a compensation. His messengers were sent back with indignation, and Demetrius was henceforth universally looked upon as the real prince.

In the meantime, the impostor asked the protection of the king of Poland, Sigismund III. As the first step towards gaining it—since Sigismund was a strict papist—he conformed himself to the Roman Catholic religion. He was at first catechised somewhat strictly by the Polish Jesuits and the papal nuncio, but it seems that before long he succeeded in making them all his dupes. He solemnly abjured before them the religion of the Greek church, and promised that when he came to the throne of Russia he would use all his efforts to make his subjects do the same. He moreover ceded the province of Sévérie to Sigismund, and agreed to marry Marine Mnizek, daughter of a palatin who had espoused his cause. He further bound himself to pay to his intended father-in-law the sum of two thousand florins within a month of his mounting the throne; and when all these promises were signed and sealed, he was presented officially to Sigismund, who called him Demetrius Ivanovitch, granted him a pension, and authorised him to accept the services of Polish gentlemen.

Whilst these events were taking place in Poland, a fugitive monk, named Gregory Obrepief, was attempting to rouse the discontented Cossacks in the name of prince Demetrius. His endeavours were attended with so much success, that the impostor, having levied a small body of troops in Poland, was emboldened to invade the Russian dominions. The people, and especially the Cossacks, received him with open arms. Boris went out with an army to meet him, and was repulsed with immense loss. In the next engagement, however, Boris gained the victory; but still the impostor was not to be discouraged. He continued the contest for rather more than a year; by the end of which time he had managed matters so well, as to have become able to seduce the whole army of Boris from its allegiance, and to draw it, as one man, under his own banners. Boris chanced to die a day or two before the accomplishment of this decisive event. His son Fedor attempted to ascend the throne as his successor, but he was speedily deposed by the unanimous will of the people, and afterwards strangled by some boyards full of zeal for their new master, who now made a triumphal entry into the capital.

Demetrius reigned a year, during which he

wore the purple with the ease of a prince born to a throne. In some respects, indeed, he was worthy to be called a great man. He endeavoured to civilise and reform the manners of his subjects—to do all, in fact, that Peter the Great did after him. But he had not Peter the Great's coolness and discretion. He entered upon the attempted execution of his projects with too much zeal, and with too great a disregard of the obstacles that stood in his way. The consequence was, that he became immediately unpopular. But there were other causes that contributed to make him so. He was naturally humane and gentle, and the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and Boris, had rendered his subjects so unaccustomed to a ruler who was not surrounded by executioners and hangmen, that his forgiveness of those who had engaged in some conspiracies against his life occasioned him to be looked upon as a coward. Moreover, though he did not attempt to fulfil the promises that he had made in Poland to the papacy, he scandalised his subjects by not paying sufficient regard to their national costumes and superstitions. Thus, he was accustomed to wear the uniform of a Polish hussar, to indulge in music, to give balls and masquerades, and in a variety of ways to imitate, somewhat thoughtlessly perhaps, the customs of the court of Poland. But a greater offence than all these even, was his having married Marine Mnizek, a Pole and a Roman Catholic. She, too, made matters worse by attracting her compatriots to Moscow, and sometimes allowing the gentlemen of her suite to treat the Russians as though they were a conquered people. It was in fact the insolence of some of these that formed the more immediate pretext for the insurrection in the course of which her husband was assassinated. He lost his life on the 27th of May, 1606.

Such is the history of Demetrius the impostor. We have styled him the Perkin Warbeck of Russian history, from the resemblance which the narrative in some points bears to the career of the impostor of that name who figures in our own annals. We have adopted, too, the view commonly entertained, that his pretensions to the crown of Russia were fallacious; but it is proper to add that the intelligent "Englishwoman in Russia," whose work we noticed in our last number, is disposed to consider that, after all, he had right upon his side. Russian historians, however, have branded him with the epithet of *DMITRI THE FALSE*!

SKETCHES OF THE CRIMEA.

ITS ANCIENT MASTERS AND INHABITANTS.

THOUSANDS who have fathers, sons, brothers, and friends in the Crimea, doing duty in the camp, serving in the fleet, laid up in hospital, or at rest in the soil, having been shot down in battle, killed in the trenches, slain by disease, or destroyed by the cold, and hastily consigned to an unmarked grave—hundreds of thousands whose interest in the region is rather national than personal—may wish to know something respecting its history, more than can be gathered from journalising accounts of the sites where British and French have stood side by side engaged in a deadly grapple with the mongrel legions of its present master.



GREEKS BEARING AWAY THE IMAGE OF DIANA.

It is a history of more than two thousand years! To that period, at least, its connection with the world of civilisation authentically goes back—an era antedating by centuries the time when the name of Russia was still in embryo—a date when Britain and Gaul, the most popularly-known countries now on the face of the globe, were either abandoned to the bear, the wolf, and the beaver, overspread with forests of pine and oak, intermingled with impassable morasses, or scantily occupied by hordes of painted savages, who had no concern about anything beyond the bounds of their sensible horizon, except the game or the fish that might be encountered. At that epoch of "auld lang syne," when the Thames and the Seine had seen nought but osier baskets on their waters paddled by naked barbarians, and wigwams formed of the branches of trees on their banks,

the Crimea had its cities, temples, galleys, harvests, fisheries, export and import trade, and had been the scene of events upon which the orators and tragedians of Greece expatiated.

A still more remote antiquity feebly glimmers if we hearken to mythology, fable, and poetry. Legends mention the Taurians as the aboriginal people, a wild race using stones and clubs as weapons, not over decently clad, fierce to strangers, and strangers themselves to habitations, except holes in the rocks, or caves on the shore hollowed by the dash of the storm-driven billows. Their name has survived in the classical appellation of the region, that of Taurida, which the Russians exhumed from the tomes of ancient geography, as a suitable denomination for the government in which the Crimea is included, and also gave to a palace by the Neva at St. Petersburg, presented

by the empress Catherine to Potemkin, as a reward for adding the peninsula to her empire. Legends likewise relate how the Taurians were suddenly pounced upon and subdued by the Amazons—not the only instance in which man has given way to woman—and how these specimens of the sex, usually styled soft and gentle, knew nothing of such qualities, had no skill in handling spindle or distaff, but founded temples at whose altars bloody rites were celebrated, the presiding priestess being a virgin, and men the victims sacrificed, commonly foreigners thrown by shipwreck on the shore. The most deadly and dreaded of these temples stood on the Cape Parthenium of the Greeks, the Cape Fiorente of the Genoese, a majestic headland hard by the present monastery of St. George, and not far to the west of Balaklava. It was dedicated to Diana Tauripolitana, whose image, according to Euripides, writing down the local tradition, fell from heaven into its shrine. Precisely the same tale was repeated by the town-clerk of Ephesus, upwards of five centuries after the age of the dramatist, in relation to the Ephesian Diana.

Shall we recur to the story of Iphigenia in Tauris, which the poetry of the ancient world loved to embellish? It contains some graphic touches of nature in the Crimea twenty-three centuries old—as of the nooks and crannies of the southern iron-bound coast in which the Greek adventurers sought concealment from the natives—the fishermen, hunting the murex for its purple dye, who discovered the foreigners—and the waters in the storm which was nearly fatal to their flight being placid in the land-locked inlets, while furiously raging at their narrow mouths, true of the harbours of Sebastopol and Balaklava. It involves also a superstition still recognised in the locality, though changed in its outward aspect. Where is the difference between Iphigenia, priestess of Diana, conspiring with her countrymen to carry off the image of the goddess; and a Russian empress sending the senseless figures of the Virgin and St. Alexander Nevsky to a neighbouring site, to protect the forts, arsenals and fleet of her lord and husband? The former relation is legendary lore referring to a long bygone polytheistic age, for which the excuse of days of ignorance may be offered. The latter is a verity, rife with the spirit of an antiquated mythology, exhibited in the nineteenth century of the Christian revelation. This is the main distinction.

Time rolled on; Amazons disappeared; and Scythians, mounted on shaggy steeds, took the place of the women-soldiers. These new-comers, mingling with the aboriginal dwellers, formed the community of the Tauro-Scythes, who occupied the country at the period when Greece, famous for arts, arms, and enterprise, sent colonists to the shores. Legends now end their uncertain tale, and history commences. Colonisation has in all ages been attended with similar preliminaries—a voyage of discovery, in the first instance, to spy out the land; a report favourable to adventure; a transient sojourn, commonly terminated by native hostility; and a permanent settlement, effected upon the superiority of civilisation to barbarian life being duly asserted.

Six centuries at the least before our era, the

Ionian Greeks from Miletus had established themselves in the eastern part of the Crimea, or the present peninsula of Kertch; and about the same period, their countrymen from Heraclea took possession of the extreme south coast, which acquired the name of the Heracleotic Chersonesus, in memory of their original seat. The way being opened, and the fortunes of the first settlers prospering, adventurous fleets of fresh emigrants braved the tempests of the Euxine. They wrested whole tracts of the sea-board from the mingled remains of the Taurians and Scythians, who withdrew into the interior, chiefly to mountain strongholds, where they were often hostile neighbours of the intruded civilisation.

Two principal cities, Theodosia and Panticapæum, arose on the shore of the eastern peninsula; and in this district the kingdom of Bosphorus was founded, with the latter city for its capital. The list of kings, as far as they are known, extends from B.C. 430 to B.C. 304. Leucon, one of the number, is mentioned in the oration of Demosthenes against Leptines, who may be considered his contemporary. His subjects carefully tilled the soil, and raised such abundant crops that the Crimea became the granary of the mother country. Athens annually imported more corn from this quarter than from all other places. This corn trade is mentioned as having existed as early as the time of the invasion of Xerxes, B.C. 480. Besides harvesting, these Crimean Greeks exported salt, and captured sturgeons in the adjoining seas. The kingdom finally became subject to Mithridates, of Pontus, a great man after the manner of barbarians. He retired to it upon being expelled from Asia by the Romans, and here vainly meditated the audacious design of conquering Italy, by rousing the Sarmatian nations to undertake the task. Theodosia, the "gift of the gods," also called Ardanda, the "seven gods," is supposed to have stood on the site of the modern Kaffa, which the Russians have named Feodosia, in honour of the ancient city. Panticapæum, "everywhere a garden," is represented by the present Kertch. "Alas!" says Demidoff, "tell me the Greek for 'garden nowhere,' and you will have named Kertch. We cannot tax our memory with having seen a single plantation of the most meagre description." The town has been revived, and possesses an inn bearing the grandiloquent name of "Bospheri Tractir," the Bosphorus hotel. It is somewhat rich in antiquities, collected in a museum, comprising ruined marbles with bas-reliefs, and ancient coins discovered by the peasants in the soil. An enormous mound, visible for many miles, rises near it, locally styled the tomb of Mithridates, with a hollowed rock at its base, which has some resemblance to a chair, called the seat of Mithridates. But tradition is here at variance with history, the dogged foe of the Romans having been buried by Pompey at Sinope, in the sepulchre of his ancestors. In 1837 the emperor Nicholas, standing on the deck of the steamer *Svernaia Zvezda*, the "Star of the North," paid his first visit to the bay and town of Kertch.

The southern centre of ancient civilisation, founded by the emigrants from Heraclea, is identical, or nearly so, with the nook of land included

between the sea and a line running from the extremity of the principal harbour of Sebastopol to the port of Balaklava, now occupied by the camps and pickets of the British and French armies. These limits comprised the cities of old and new Chersonesus, Eupatorium, the Chersonesean mole, Diana's temple, with ramparts, aqueducts, tombs, and other works of a vigorous race, which have long since disappeared, leaving a few scattered stones and historic testimony as the sole relics of their existence. Nature survives, while the handiwork of man perishes. The Parthenium promontory remains, with its extreme point of rock jutting out in the shape of an eagle's beak at a formidable height over the sea. The cape Chersonesus is there, near to or on which was the city of the name, a long tongue of land scarcely raised above the waves, with a lighthouse now at the point. The remarkable inlet of Balaklava, masked to seaward by the position of the bordering heights, and lake-like in the interior, is just as it was when described by Strabo under the name of Portus Symbolorum, excepting the chaos of shipping, captains, crews, marines, military, and all sorts of unreachable or untransportable goods and chattels, needed by shivering, toiling, exhausted, and dying troops, with which current events have crammed it. Through a considerable part of the territory referred to, remains of ancient walls are scattered over the soil, at equal intervals, forming lines, the regularity of which fail not to strike the attentive observer. They are, perhaps, traces of a division of lands belonging to the old Greek age. At various intervals also, the wrecks of monumental towers may be seen, remarkable for the enormous size of the blocks of stone placed one upon the other without cement. But at no distant date magnificent ruins existed, which the Tatars regarded with wonder and reverence. The Russians remorselessly swept them away for building materials. The emperor Alexander, indeed, on his visit to the peninsula in the year 1818, strictly enjoined the preservation of the remnants of ancient architecture. But the order came too late. Almost everything worthy of observation had been used up to rear Sebastopol.

Thus perished the last traces of the Chersonese cities. What of Eupatorium? It arose in consequence of an application made by the Heracleian colonists to Mithridates for assistance against the natives. The general sent to their aid raised a citadel, the nucleus of a city, in a position suitable to keep the barbarians in check, and called it in honour of his master, who had also the name of Eupator. The renowned Inkermann, a village at the extremity of the harbour of Sebastopol, with the remains of fortifications on a platform of bold rock, the sides of which are crowded with excavated caves and chambers, as well as those of the rocks in the neighbourhood, marks the site. Not that the existing ruined towers and battlements are relics of the original citadel, but of some more recent fortress erected upon its site, and out of its remains, probably by the Genoese. Nor are the artificial caves and grotto monuments of the period, but partly of a remoter age, having been commenced by the savage aborigines, who burrowed into the rocks for dwelling places; and partly of a later date, the work of monks and recluses of

medieval times, who improved and multiplied the series. Inkermann is a Turkish compound, from *In*, "cavern," and *kerman*, "a fortress." The present town of Eupatoria is then no representative of the ancient Eupatorium, but of comparatively modern origin, founded by the Tatars, miles away from the seat of the Greek colony. Upon the Russian conquest of the Crimea, the names of ancient history were restored to places which had lost them by change of masters, while the names of those which had disappeared were bestowed upon other localities, to preserve them from oblivion. In consequence of this policy, the maritime town of Gouslov was renamed Eupatoria. The Tatars, however, clung to the old name, corrupted by the Russians into Koslof; and it is still most commonly used in ordinary language, though official documents only recognise the new denomination.

After the fall of Mithridates, the country came under the authority of Rome, though more nominally than really, owing to its distance from the seat of empire. Refugees from persecution came to the remote province in the early Christian age; voluntary recluses sought a retreat from the world in its rocky fastnesses to indulge in asceticism and superstition; and sectaries repaired to its shores to profess tenets not tolerated by the hierarchies of their own land in possession of political power. The dens and caves of Inkermann, small, plain, and without ornament, still bearing the marks of chisels, have evidently been the cells of monks. So numerous are they grouped in places, and united by narrow winding galleries, as to constitute entire subterranean monasteries. Hollows for fires are traceable, and excavated recesses for nightly slumber. Other caves have served as sepulchres, for stone coffins have been found in them, long since emptied of their human bones, and converted into drinking troughs for cattle. Others, more spacious, with semicircular vaulted roofs, and pillars from which spring arches forming aisles, exhibit the Greek cross, sufficiently proclaiming their character as churches or chapels. Altars, or any moveable sculptured blocks they might once contain, are gone, built up perhaps into some work at Sebastopol, or burnt into lime for its erections. In subsequent times, Tatars, with their families and goats, occupied these rocky dwellings. They have since been used as powder magazines, or military storehouses; and more recently, Russian, British, and French soldiers have been engaged in ferretting each other out of the holes.

Upon the decline of the power of Rome, sad reverses clouded the fortunes of the Crimea; and for centuries it was exposed to warlike inroads and stormy revolutions. When the loosened nations from the gloomy forests of the north, and from the vast steppes of Asia, poured forth their myriads upon the provinces of the Roman empire, swarms of warriors, rude and fierce, entered the peninsula, and played the part of masters, till displaced by the irruption of a new and stronger tribe. The Alani came first, a nomadic people, whose days were spent on horseback, and their nights in covered cars, bold in war, and eager for pillage. They levelled Theodosia, and oppressed the country for more than a century. The Goths

followed, and barbarian fought with barbarian, till the new-comers gained the day. They gave the name of Gothia to the region, became a settled people, received the Christian faith, and the emperor Justinian sent them a bishop. Next appeared the Sarmatians, who passed on to other shores. Then succeeded the terrible Huns, sweeping away the signs of industry wherever they came, leaving ruin and desolation in their path. Meanwhile, the dismayed Greek population, exposed to remorseless rapine, and to war in all its wildness, held their settlements on the coast by an uncertain tenure, gradually becoming crippled, though relieved from time to time by the Byzantine emperors.

We may steal a march on time, overlooking events devoid of interest; and come down to the thirteenth century, when a new era dawned for the greater part of eastern Europe. The Mongol Tatars, under a grandson of Ghengis Khan, anxious to tread in the footsteps of his terrible ancestor, threw themselves upon Russia, Poland, and Hungary; and the impetuous torrent rolled into the Crimea. It became a province of the western Tatar empire, ruled by under-khans, who, as Mohammedans, erected mosques, but tolerated other professions. Under a strong government, the peninsula recovered from the impoverishment caused by ages of devastation. Trade once more began to flourish. Salt from the inexhaustible salt-lakes of Perekop was exported to Constantinople and the Archipelago; corn was sent in the same direction; and the enormous sturgeons which annually pass in shoals from the Don through the sea of Azof into the Black sea, made up into caviar and salt-fish, supplied the superstitious members of the Greek church with allowed provender at their fasts. This traffic was actively promoted and finally usurped by the Genoese. These keen commercialists, scenting rich prizes from afar, had established a factory at Constantinople as early as the year 1162; and eventually received the suburb of Pera as a fief from the Byzantine emperors. Seeking to monopolise the trade of the Black sea, they explored its shores, and defeated the attempts made by Pisa and Venice, the rival republics of merchant nobles, to attain the same object.

After voyaging for a time to the Crimea as merchant adventurers, the Genoese became conspicuous as settlers on its eastern shores. This was towards the middle of the thirteenth century, or soon after the occupation of the peninsula by the Tatars. Cap in hand, they craved permission from an under-khan to reside, bought a parcel of land, and founded Kaffa, on the site of ancient Theodosia, commanding a beautiful and convenient roadstead. As numbers and wealth increased, the factors began to assume the attitude of masters, and exhibited the evidences of military power. They built forts, retained troops, and possessed war-galleys. Kaffa, or the "infidel" city, as it was called by the Tatars, rapidly extended itself, and became a great commercial emporium, where the products of India and China, brought by caravan across Asia, met the ships of the Italians, which conveyed them to western Europe. At the time of its greatest prosperity, it is said to have contained 36,000 houses within the walls, and

44,000 including the suburbs. The city was sometimes styled Krim Stamboul, or the Constantinople of the Crimea; and among the Tatars the name of Kutehuk Stamboul, Little Constantinople, lingered to recent times. The merchant princes ultimately became lords of the whole coast from their capital to Inkermann, and defended it with a line of castles, the ruins of which remain. Their language long survived their departure in this part of the peninsula, corrupt Italian words being used by the Tatars. The Genoese originated the name of Balaklava, derived from *bella chiave*, the beautiful port.

Pope John XXII constituted Kaffa an episcopal see. But we are unable to supply the name of either bishop or priest, or any notices purely ecclesiastical, further than that, when in danger of capture, Clement VI invoked all Christendom to the assistance of the true faith menaced by the Tatars. The city, however, finds a place in the history of the translation of the Scriptures, for in the year 1341, a version of the four gospels in the Persian language was completed by a resident, which was printed in the fifth volume of the London Polyglott, from a manuscript in the possession of Dr. Pococke. The following note occurs at the end:—"These four glorious gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were finished in the city of Kaffa, inhabited by Christians, prayers being said on the third day of the week, the ninth of the month Tamuz, in Latin called July, in the year of Christ the Messiah 1341, by the hand of the weakest of the people of God, Simon Ibn Joseph Ibn Abraham Al Tabrizi." This Simon, with the long name, was evidently a convert from Judaism to Romanism, for the version is not only interlarded with readings from the Vulgate, from rituals and legends, but the note adds:—"May the God of those that fear him, by his grace and providence show mercy, that when they hear or read this book of the gospels, they may say a Pater Noster and Ave Maria for the poor writer, that through the divine mercy he also may be forgiven. Amen." We shall have a word to say on the Crimean Jews farther on.

BENIGHTED ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

It was towards the close of the summer season a good many years ago. I had started from my home in the weary world-working city, on a combined ruralizing and sketching expedition, and taken up my abode for some days at a farming village lying at no great distance from the delectable ridge which terminates Salisbury plain at its southern limit. The neighbourhood of a barren moor, a wide heathy waste, with patches of furze or wild-thyme, or uncultivated land of any description, had always more charms for me, as containing more of the elements of the picturesque in landscape, than those highly-cultivated regions where "every rood of ground maintains its man," and the rich soil, trimmed like a garden and bright with the golden grain, keeps the word of promise to the husbandman. It is on the debateable land, between the wilderness and the fruitful field, that the artist loves to wander, and to gather from either, as the mood of the moment may impel him,

or from a combination of both, those transcripts from the face of ever-changing nature the successful delineations of which make up the events and epochs of his existence.

But my trip was rather a holiday than a professional excursion. I sought recreation rather than employment, and feeling the necessity of repose after a period of intense labour pursued in spite of a prostrating nervous affection, which at intervals laid me on the shelf—I had resolved to unbend myself as much as possible, and to work no more than just enough to give that flavour to repose which makes it a luxury. But such resolves are sometimes easier made than adhered to; and no man who has ever so little of the love of nature in him, and the ability ever so humble of perpetuating some of her variable phases, need calculate upon remaining doggedly inactive while the cloud-shadows dapple the outstretched weald, the blue smoke curls up through masses of dense foliage, the brooks run riotously cascading between their precipitous banks, or the distant hills loom grey and transparent through the haze of sunshine, or deepen to indigo-darkness beneath the gathering storm—and he looking on. So it came to pass that I had worked enthusiastically instead of being superlatively indolent, and had filled my portfolio with sketches, my note book with memorandums, and my head with ideas—reaping at the same time, at least so I flattered myself, all the benefits I had anticipated from the change of air and employment.

One afternoon, when the gorgeous rain-clouds had eclipsed the cirri which for some days had held possession of the upper sky, and, piled up from the horizon to the zenith, showed like the work of Titan architects, in layers of massive blocks molten and fervid with dazzling flame-light, I sallied forth, after an early and slight refection, armed with camp stool walking stick, portfolio, and water colours to the high table land of the interminable plain. It is only in such a situation, where the sky comes down upon the earth without any intervening objects upon the edge of the horizon to break the line of contact, that one can get the best view of cloudland in its integrity; and a view on a broad level down, inland, such as Copley Fielding has painted perhaps a thousand times, is very different from one under a marine sky, where the character of the clouds is less marked and striking, even if a hazy wall of exhalation does not obscure their apparent junction with the waters. From time to time I pitched my stool, and did my best to wash in some of the characteristic sky-pictures which filled me with admiration. Such essays were necessarily very brief, from the constant change in the masses which were the subject of study, and after each trial I walked forward to vary the scene on the horizon line, and not without a hope that a distant view of Stonehenge, of the locality of which I was ignorant, might appear and be brought into a sketch.

As the day grew older and the sun declined, the character of the clouds altered wondrously. The white gleaming masses deepened into an ominous purple, and beneath some of them, towards the west, long streaming bars of fiery crimson, alternated with strips of vivid emerald green, made a new and more attractive spectacle, which brought me again to a stand-still. I may have sat an hour

or more in the attempt to fix upon paper, not so much the actual appearance, but the ideas which this magnificent contrast of colour originated in my mind. I was not aware, until I had done nearly all that it was in my power to do towards that object, that the night was rapidly approaching; nor, if I had been, should I have felt the least uneasiness on that score, it not having entered my head for a moment that there could be any difficulty in finding my way home again. When I rose, however, and looked around, the dreary, dark aspect of that side of the heavens to which my back had been turned so long thrilled me with a sensation the reverse of pleasant; and, making what haste I could in packing up my materials, I resolved to compensate by smart walking for the delay, and to lose no time in retracing my steps. But already I was not exactly certain of the direction in which I had come, having neglected, in settling my point of view, to note any particular object, such as a stone or hillock, that might have served instead of a directing post. Still I knew that by proceeding south, I must come, in a couple of hours or so, to some part of the ridge, whence I could easily ascertain my exact position; and no fears, only a slight mortification, as the vision of the tea-table at the farm-house rose to my imagination, crossed my mind. I was obliged to stand still for a few minutes, because I had been sitting cross-legged, and the leg which had served for an easel had "the pins and needles," and would not allow me to move. While I thus stood waiting permission to start, a few drops of rain came thumping like bullets upon my portfolio, and they proved to be the heralds of a storm which was not long in approaching, and which poured its unrelenting fury upon my unsheltered head.

It grew dark apace: there was still, however, a long blood-red line visible in the west; and, noting the spot where I supposed the sun had gone down, and calculating that, it being now the middle of August, he had set two or three points north of due west, I turned my face resolutely towards the south, and having buttoned up to the chin, and recovered the use of my limb, pushed forward as fast as I was able.

Salisbury plain, as many of my readers are quite aware, is anything but a plain, in the plain sense of that word. What it may appear as a whole, when viewed from a balloon, I don't pretend to say; but that part which was the scene of my erratic exploit was a succession of wavy ridges, hills, and hollows, with now a terrace of table land, and now a valley of corresponding extent. This variation in the surface rendered it extremely difficult for me to persevere correctly in the track I had to take. Upon arriving at the summit of one of the ridges, after traversing its subjacent hollow, I had always to correct some small deviation that I had made from the straight route. As long as any colouring remained in the sky where the sun had gone down, this correction was easy enough; but by and by, when the rain rushed down like a universal water-spout, the gloom grew deeper; the red light vanished, and on all sides alike a wall of descending water through which the sight could not penetrate for a hundred yards, seemed to shut me in, and impressed me with the notion that I was the sole living being left in a world devoted

to a second deluge, and that it was for my especial chastisement the fearful tempest was rattling about my ears.

I knew now, well enough, that I did *not* know in what direction I was going, and I was fast becoming nervously and painfully excited. Still I pushed on all the faster, unwilling to believe that I had lost my way and was wandering at the direction of chance. Resolving not to think of disaster, lest such thoughts should give rise to apprehension, I called to mind all the pleasantest things that had happened to me in my whole life; and, like the rustic in the churchyard, who is described as "whistling aloud to keep his courage up," banished for a time the sense of present calamity by that of past joys. But now I began to feel overpowered with fatigue, and, in spite of the heavy rain, parched with thirst. I was wet through to the skin, but yet my mouth and tongue were dry as sand-paper, and when I rubbed the latter against my palate, I heard a grating sound like the croaking of a frog. I sat myself down upon a large stone of some tons weight, and drank up the rain-water which had collected in the hollows of its surface, and which, in the fast-falling storm were refilled as fast as I drained them. The draught refreshed me; but though it quenched my thirst, it did not and would not moisten my mouth for more than a moment.

Suddenly, as I sat staring dreamily into the haze of watery shafts that shot furiously into the ground, I heard the heavy squashy thump of horse's feet approaching, and a moment after the magnified apparition of a powerful white horse, urged to full and desperate gallop by a brawny yeoman who, at every leap dug the rowels into his side, burst into view. Instinctively I ran to intercept the horseman, and, shouting with all my force, endeavoured to bar his way. The rider, however, never drew rein, and had not the horse swerved from his direct path, I should have been borne down and, perhaps, slain upon the spot. As it was, the fellow struck at me savagely with the butt end of his heavy whip. I felt the whiff and wind of the blow, which would have dashed out my brains had it taken effect; but ere I could look round to remonstrate both horse and rider had vanished behind the deluging curtain. I saw at once how it was. The horseman was a farmer who had deserted the turnpike road for the sake of a short cut through the storm; he had taken me for a robber, and would probably regale his neighbours with the narrative of his valour and lucky escape.

I returned to my stone, and sat resting there for a quarter of an hour, steaming the while with perspiration, and beginning to despond with anxiety. Ere I rose, a few vivid flashes or rather sheets of lightning, followed by distant peals of thunder, lighted up the scene. I took the momentary opportunity they afforded to look around. I saw in the distance some mounds which I had not remarked before, and I knew by this that I had wandered far from the homeward route. The consciousness of that fact staggered me, and I knew not what to do. Warned by a cold shivering of my whole flesh, I rose to go—but where? That was the question. I walked forward listlessly, to keep in motion at any rate, if I could do nothing else. I left my portfolio, the

covers of which were reduced almost to a pulp, on the stone which had been my resting-place, together with my water-colours, the rattling of which as they swung in their tin-case in my pocket, annoyed me. The rain now abated considerably, and the sky grew lighter; but now a new phenomenon alarmed me. As I peered upon the sodden ground, in the forlorn hope of discovering some beaten track, however faint, which might lead to some dwelling, I saw that the grass which to my near view should have been green, was of a bright blood colour; when I looked a few paces forward it was not so; but, under my feet, and for a yard or so around me, it was of a gory red. I walked in the centre of a bloody disc, and couldn't get out of it. "I am not superstitious," I said to myself, "yet what can this mean?" and for some minutes I would look at the ground no more. Yet I could not refrain long from looking—and now, behold! the dim circle in the midst of which I walked was of a pale violet colour; the bloody colour was gone. I liked that better, or, to speak more correctly, I disliked it less than the gory hue. After another interval I looked down again, and the disc was of a brilliant saffron; and then while I gazed, came one of crimson, which again deepened into the hue of blood. Then I thought, "Am I about to lose my senses?" and that terrible apprehension almost overcame me.

What could I do? Proceed in what direction I would, I was as likely to go wrong as right. The rain had well nigh ceased: perhaps it would soon cease entirely. Why should I be alarmed? After all it was but playing the part of a picket in a wet night, without rations. I would stay where I was, moving about a little to keep off the cold, and wait for the dawn of morning, or the glimmering of some star which, by revealing its position, should put me in possession of mine. I pitched my camp-stool and sat down; then I rose again, and marked off a walk of a dozen paces, and marched up and down it leisurely for above an hour. This calmed my nervous excitement, and put to flight the changing circles of colour in which I had lately walked. The wind arose, and blew strongly soon after midnight, and I began anxiously to watch its effects upon the clouds above. It was a long while before a star appeared, and when one glimmered forth at length, it was a stranger to me; another and another, and still I was none the wiser. At last three were unveiled at once which I recognised as belonging to the constellation Orion: then I knew where the north star should be, and, consequently, in what direction I had to go. I set forward at once, and had the satisfaction as I proceeded to see the clouds skurry off, and the stars shine forth in all their beauty. I repassed the stone upon which I had rested, and being now in better spirits, and feeling that the worst was past, recovered my property.

I walked on with an energy that surprised me, for two full hours, without recognising any object, yet perfectly confident that I was on the right track. I had not my watch with me, but I imagined that it could not be far from dawn, when I found myself in the company of a few straggling sheep. "Can these sheep be here without a shep-

herd?" I asked myself; and at the thought I immediately shouted with all my might.

The cry was answered by the barking of a dog, which I was glad enough to hear. As I continued shouting, and the dog redoubled his noise, the uproar we made soon aroused the shepherd from his sleep. At first it appeared as though the man had arisen out of the ground, as there was nothing like a human habitation in sight. He came forward enveloped in a coarse frieze coat, and carrying a small lantern in his hand. This he held up to my face, while with the other hand he grasped what should have been a pastoral crook, but was an undeniable oaken cudgel of skull-splitting capacity. He examined me from head to foot with the utmost deliberation and *nonchalance*, while his white hair fluttered in the wind. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he lowered the lantern, and said:—

"You've a bin to zee th' stwons, an' ha' loozed yer wa'—beant et?"

"I have lost my way," I said, "and am tired, and wet, and hungry to boot."

"Can'st ya zum burd an' byeak'n ef s'like," he said, "an' a zwig o' zider."

I expressed my gratitude, and he bade me "coom awa'," and led the way towards his shealing.

This was a sort of hole in the southern side of a rather steep ridge overlooking one of the low hollows I have already mentioned. Viewed from the exterior it looked like a heap of dried sods hardly larger than an average hay-cock, and might have been passed, even in the day-time, without being recognised as a human residence; but when you were once within it, it was a snug little berth enough, warm, wind-tight, and weather-proof, with a good dry bed on the stone-walled side, an old broad-bottomed chair, and a fire smouldering in a corner beneath a chimney that burrowed through the earth. Only one wall was of stone, and that uncemented; the others were formed of rough planks. Around them hung a few bottles and pots of what I supposed were sheep medicines, a dredging-horn, an old horse-pistol and powder-flask, and a huge jack-knife. On the table lay a big brown loaf, and from some, to me, undiscoverable recess, the shepherd produced a lump of fat bacon. He also reached down a drinking-horn, and pouring cider from a small harvest-keg, gave it me to drink. Sour as it was, it ran like nectar down my parched throat. Putting the huge knife into my hand, he pointed to the viands, and bade me help myself. The bacon, however, was uncooked, and I could not touch it. The old man laughed at my fastidiousness, and said he always ate it raw himself. While I made a supper of the brown bread and cider, he blew up the smouldering embers of the fire, and volunteered to dry my garments if I would occupy his bed the while. I did not suffer him to repeat the proposition, but tumbled into the warm nest in double quick time, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

When I awoke the sun had been three or four hours up, and was shining brilliantly. I was alone; but the shepherd had dried my clothes famously, and I could now resume them with comfort. In a few minutes I joined him in the hollow, where, with the aid of his dog, who brought the patients to him as he wanted them, he was busy

in applying medicaments to some of his flock who stood in need of such service. He volunteered to guide me so far on my homeward route as to render further mistakes impossible, and did so, leaving his dog in charge of the flock. I got home in time for Farmer Burton's dinner, and greatly relieved the minds of my host and hostess by my appearance.

When, in the following year, I went to a sheep-shearing in the same village, I met my friend the shepherd at the celebration of that annual festivity. Though past fourscore, the man was quite a child in worldly experience, and retained the childish faculty of being amused with the veriest trifles. I found that my story had gone the round of the neighbourhood, not without such additions of the marvellous as people who have but little food for thought are prone to append to their narratives. I am afraid my second appearance dissipated some of these wonders: it certainly extinguished a very dramatic account of a struggle with a highwayman which was got up by the apparition on the white horse; but, nevertheless, it conferred a real pleasure upon the solitary of the plain, who assured me that he had taken care to provide himself with the means of broiling me a rasher whenever I should honour him with a second visit.

ANECDOTES OF LONDON FIRES.

THE last number of the "Quarterly Review," amidst a variety of articles of great ability, contains a paper devoted to the history of Fires in London, and the provision which exists for their extinction. The whole subject is so replete with curious interest, that our readers, we doubt not, will be gratified as well as instructed by perusing the following singular and interesting statements culled from its pages.

A FIRE IN LONDON.

"Among the more salient features of the metropolis which instantly strike the attention of the stranger are the stations of the fire brigade. Whenever he happens to pass them, he finds the sentinel on duty, he sees the 'red artillery' of the force; and the polished axle, the gleaming branch, and the shining chain, testify to the beautiful condition of the instrument, ready for active service at a moment's notice. Ensnomed in the shadow of the station, the liveried watchmen look like hunters waiting for their prey—nor does the hunter move quicker to his quarry at the rustle of a leaf, than the firemen dash for the first ruddy glow in the sky. No sooner comes the alarm than one sees with a shudder the rush of one of these engines through the crowded streets—the tearing horses covered with foam—the heavy vehicle swerving from side to side, and the black-helmeted attendants swaying to and fro. The wonder is that horses or men ever get safely to their destination: the wonder is still greater that no one is ridden over in their furious drive.

"Arrived at the place of action, the hunter's spirit which animates the fireman and makes him attack an element as determinedly as he would a wild beast, becomes evident to the spectator. The scene which a London fire presents can never be forgotten: the shouts of the crowd as it opens

to let the engines dart through it, the foaming head of water springing out of the ground, and spreading over the road until it becomes a broad mirror reflecting the glowing blaze—the black, snake-like coils of the leather hose rising and falling like things of life, whilst a hundred arms work at the pump, their central heart—the applause that rings out clear above the roaring flame as the adventurous band throw the first hissing jet—cheer following cheer, as stream after stream shoots against the burning mass, now flying into the socket-holes of fire set in the black face of the house-front, now dashing with a loud shirr against the window-frame and wall, and falling off in broken showers. Suddenly there is a loud shrill cry, and the bank of human faces is upturned to where a shrieking wretch hangs frantically to an upper window-sill. A deafening shout goes forth, as the huge fire-escape comes full swing upon the scene: a moment's pause, and all is still, save the beat, beat, of the great water pulses, whilst every eye is strained towards the fluttering garments flapping against the wall. Will the ladder reach, and not dislodge those weary hands clutching so convulsively to the hot stone? Will the nimble figure gain the topmost rung ere nature fails? The blood in a thousand hearts runs cold, and then again break forth a thousand cheers to celebrate a daring rescue. Such scenes as this are of almost nightly occurrence in the great metropolis. A still more imposing yet dreadful sight is often exhibited in the conflagrations of those vast piles of buildings in the city filled with inflammable merchandise. Here the most powerful engines seem reduced to mere squirts; and the efforts of the adventurous brigade men are confined to keeping the mischief within its own bounds."

THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

"The fascination of fires even extends to the brute creation. Who has not heard of the dog 'Chance,' who first formed his acquaintance with the brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling-street? Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity, and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going up-hill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth. Although he had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the firemen beside the hearth, when a 'call' came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt. He was stuffed and preserved at the station, and was doomed, even in death, to prove the fireman's friend; for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the brigade determined

to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, and such was his renown that he realised 123*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*"

FIRES FROM LUCIFER MATCHES.

"Although gas figures so largely as a cause of fire, it does not appear that its rapid introduction of late years into private houses has been attended with danger. There is another kind of light, however, which the insurance offices look upon with terror, especially those who make it their business to insure farm property. The assistant-secretary of one of the largest fire-offices, speaking broadly, informed us that the introduction of the lucifer-match caused them an annual loss of ten thousand pounds! In the subjoined list we see in how many ways they have given rise to fires.

Lucifers going off probably from heat	80
Children playing with lucifers	45
Rat gnawing lucifers	1
Jackdaw playing with lucifers	1

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One hundred and twenty-seven known fires thus arise from this single cause; and no doubt many of the twenty-five fires ascribed to the agency of cats and dogs were owing to their having thrown down boxes of matches at night—which they frequently do, and which is almost certain to produce combustion. The item 'rat gnawing lucifers' reminds us to give a warning against leaving about wax lucifers where there are either rats or mice, for these vermin constantly run away with them to their holes behind the inflammable canvass, and eat the wax until they reach the phosphorus, which is ignited by the friction of their teeth. Many fires are believed to have been produced by this singular circumstance. How much, again, must lucifers have contributed to swell the large class of conflagrations whose causes are unknown! Another cause of fire, which is of recent date, is the use of naphtha in lamps—a most ignitable fluid when mixed in certain proportions with common air."

THE DANGER OF HOT WATER PIPES.

"It is commonly imagined that the introduction of hot water, hot air, and steam pipes, as a means of heating buildings, cuts off one avenue of danger from fire. This is an error. Iron pipes, often heated up to 400°, are placed in close contact with floors and skirting-boards, supported by slight diagonal props of wood, which a much lower degree of heat will suffice to ignite. The circular rim supporting a still at the Apothecaries' Hall, which was used in the preparation of some medicament that required a temperature of only 300°, was found not long ago to have charred a circle at least a quarter of an inch deep in the wood beneath it, in less than six months. Mr. Braidwood, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords in 1846, stated that it was his belief that by long exposure to heat, not much exceeding that of boiling water, or 212°, timber is brought into such a condition that it will fire without the application of a light. The time during which this process of desiccation goes on, until it ends in spontaneous combustion, is, he thinks, from eight to ten years—so that a fire might be hatching in a man's premises during the whole of his lease without making any sign!"

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

"Spontaneous combustion is at present very little understood, though chemists have of late turned their attention to the subject. It forms, however, no inconsiderable item in the list of causes of fires. There can be no question that many of those that occur at railway-stations and buildings, are due to the fermentation which arises among oiled rags. Over-heating of waste which includes shoddy, sawdust, cotton, &c., is a fearful source of conflagrations. The cause of most fires which have arisen from spontaneous combustion is lost in the consequence. Cases now and then occur where the firemen have been able to detect it, as for instance at Hibernia Wharf, in 1846, one of Alderman Humphreys's warehouses. It happened that a porter had swept the sawdust from the floor into a heap, upon which a broken flask of olive-oil that was placed above dripped its contents. To these elements of combustion the sun added its power, and sixteen hours afterwards the fire broke out. Happily it was instantly extinguished; and the agents that produced it were caught, red-handed as it were, in the act. The chances are that such a particular combination of circumstances might not occur again in a thousand years. The sawdust will not be swept again into such a position under the oil, or the bottle will not break over the sawdust, or the sun will not shine in on them to complete the fatal sum. It is an important fact, however, to know that oiled sawdust, warmed by the sun, will fire in sixteen hours, as it accounts for a number of conflagrations in saw-mills, which never could be traced to any probable cause."

THE DANGERS OF HIGH HOUSES.

"We have said that London is growing upwards to the sky—no house in any valuable portion of the metropolis being now rebuilt without the addition of at least one story. Eighty and ninety feet is getting a common height for our great offices and warehouses, which is tantamount to saying that a certain portion of the metropolis, and that a constantly increasing one, is outgrowing the power of the fire brigade, as no engine built upon the present plan can throw water for many minutes to such an elevation. Mr. Braidwood foresees that he must call in the aid of the common drudge steam. In America they have already introduced this new agent with some success, and in London we have proved its power in the floating-engine. Steam fire-engines, it is evident, will soon be brought into use, unless we do away with the necessity for engines at all by fixing the hose directly on the mains, as is done at Hamburg. But to effect this it will be necessary to relay the whole metropolis with much larger pipes, to increase their number, and at the same time adopt the constant-service system. At present, even if we had the water always on, the mains are often so small as to preclude the use of more than two or three hose; for, if the collective diameters of the areas of the latter exceed that of the pipe which feeds them, the pressure will cease, and no water will be propelled to any height through the jet. It cannot be denied, however, that if the streets of London were all supplied with capacious mains, and the different companies plugged them pro-

fusely (a thing they are very chary of doing, for fear of their being injured by the wear and tear of the fire-engines), London would be rendered far more secure than it is at present, as scarcely any fire could withstand the full force of constant streams of thousands of gallons of water per minute. At present the greater portion of the water is wasted; at the destruction of the houses of parliament, a body of this element equal to an acre in area, and twelve feet deep, flowed from the mains, a tenth part of which could not have been used by the twenty-three jets that were playing simultaneously."

DIRECTIONS FOR AIDING PERSONS TO ESCAPE FROM PREMISES ON FIRE.

"1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house both at the top and bottom.

"2. On the first alarm reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket, or bedside carpet; open no more doors or windows than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.

"3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground: if you cannot therefore walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking drawn over the face permits breathing, and, to a great extent, excludes the smoke.

"4. If you can neither make your way upwards nor downwards, get into a front room; if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire always rushes after smoke.

"5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves, from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, and having fastened one end to some heavy piece of furniture, let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets round the waist and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than through one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down when the helpless are saved.

"6. If a woman's clothes should catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground; if a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her in a rug, coat, or the first woollen thing that is at hand.

"7. Bystanders, the instant they see a fire, should run for the fire-escape, or to the police station if that is nearer, where a 'jumping-sheet' is always to be found."

A GREAT TRUTH ILLUSTRATED.

THE late Rev. T. Toller of Kettering, in discoursing from Isaiah xxvii. 8—"Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me"—remarked: "I think I can convey the meaning of this passage, so that every one may understand it, by what took place in my own family within these few days. One of my children had committed a fault for which I thought it my duty to chastise him. I called him to me, explained to him the evil of what he had done, and told him how grieved I was that I must punish him for it. He heard me in silence, and then rushed into my arms and burst into tears. I could sooner have cut off my arm than have struck him for his fault. He had laid hold of my strength, and he had made his peace with me."—*Memoirs of Mr. Toller.*